THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

ON DREAMING.

(Concluded from page 341.)

Most of the ideas of the moderns, on this subject are as unsatisfactory, and many of them as irrational, as those already enumerated, of the ancients.

Mr. Baxter's theory is liable to the same objection, of explaining "ignotum per ignotius," as is suggested upon a review of the ancient opinions. He conceives them to be produced by immaterial beings, whose sole employment is the formation of these delusions; but this hypothesis is so entirely conjecture, and so unsupported by evidence or analogy, that it merits no confutation.

Walſius, and others, have held, that in all cases our organs of sensation participate in the imaginary transactions which employ the mind during sleep, and that these mental illusions are always in consequence of a previous excitement of the organs of sensation.

But the principle of this theory is totally unfounded, since whilst asleep, we are generally wholly insensible to external impressions, unless they are pretty violent...beside this, where is the necessity of supposing such excitement, since we know that both the imagination and fancy form a great variety of scenes, and wander far from surrounding objects and impressions, without there being the smallest excitement of the organs of sensation, to create such varied delineations.

Other physiologists, have attributed dreaming to the irregular motion of the nervous fluid, or to a deficient supply of that fluid to the brain. The brain being the seat of judgment, and mental sensation, if not duly supplied with this pabulum, will necessarily produce that unconnected and disorderly scene, which we frequently have whilst asleep: so that the rationality of our dreams is considered to be greatly influenced by the quantum of nervous fluid supplied to the brain. There is certainly a plausibility in this theory, yet it is by no means commensurate to the various phenomena of dreaming..,as soon as the

nature of this fluid, if there be such an one, is more fully ascertained, there can be no doubt that it will greatly assist us in the investigation of this intricate subject.

That the past occurrences of the day should often be the prominent feature of our dreams, is rational; and that frequently the curious delineations of the imagination, during sleep, may be considered as the offspring of this inventive faculty, (wandering in the regions of fiction, unattended by judgment) is what can readily be admitted...but this by no means solves the many difficulties which present themselves. Innumerable queries may be put, for explication, by those who have made this a subject of consideration, which baffle all reasoning, and cannot but force the profoundest metaphysicians to acknowledge their ignorance.

It is asserted, that some never dream, others not till an advanced period of their lives...some are very much addicted to it, and others dream but seldom. These are phenomena, in my view, at present, wholly inexplicable.

We frequently fancy ourselves reading, and so far enter into the nature and spirit of the author, as to be able to distinctly remember, and even to recite, the language and ideas of the composition.

That we dream of nothing but what has recently (or even a long time past) occurred, or made its impression, is denied by constant experience; so neither is judgment always asleep; for many dreams preserve a perfect unity and connectedness throughout, and are frequently as well told, and rational tales, as could have been composed by the sleeping author, during the brightest moments of his wakefulness.

The great variety of scenes, pictured to us, during sleep, and which succeed each other with the rapidity of lightning, though there be no relation, is a phenomenon, highly curious. I have before now found myself in the theatre, listening with all imaginable interest, to the *enaction* of a tragedy, and the very next moment, have been in a carriage in the streets of London, perfectly divested of the feelings excited by the performance of the actors...such a rapid flight from one thing to another, so unlike it, cannot be accounted for upon any principle of association of ideas...but this is a *minor* difficulty, in comparison of others...one of greater magnitude presents itself, which is, the astonishing power of the imagination, in delineating scenes in all their natural colours, upon a scale truely sublime, and frequently very far surpassing reality, when the same faculty (the possessor being awake) refuses to furnish the plainest image or a scene any way different from those in real life: for many persons, quite of a Bœtian imagination, have dreams which would do honour to Milton himself. Many men are *wits* in their sleep, who, during wakefulness, are insufferably dull—others have the acumen of genius, who, when awake, are men of very ordinary talents.....

A friend of mine, who, from experience, justifies the correctness of these remarks, declared to me, that the finest imagery to be found in his compositions were given to him in his dreams, and that for the two last years, he has been accustomed to write down every fine idea, or sublime image, which his imagination vouchsafed during sleep.

Many physicians have considered dreams to take place only when the sleep is disturbed, and Haller has even gone so far as to consider them symptomatic of disease, disturbing the repose of the sensorium, and thereby debilitating both mind and body. But if I should judge from my own experience, who am a great dreamer, I should most unequivocally deny both positions.

For one continued dull sleep, unaccompied by these pleasing vagaries of the imagination, I have been so far from finding renovating, that I have ever experienced a debility and langour, similar to that resulting from morbid wakefulness...disagreeable dreams certainly do accompany bodily disorders, and during a febrile diathesis our dreams are more frequent, and almost universally of a sombre cast ; but the converse of this is by no means true, that when ever we have numerous or unpleasant dreams, the body is in a disordered state. Be this, however, as it may, pleasant or indifferent dreams are, in my opinion, *positively* healthy, and perfectly compatible with an invigorating and refreshing sleep. Indeed I have frequently found them, as it were, a *tonic* to the mind, and rise in the morning in better health and spirits, than I should have been, had I not had a regular succession of dreams.

The general cast, or nature of dreams, I should imagine to be very considerably influenced by the difference of temperament. A man of a sanguine temperament, will, by no means, have the same class or description of dreams, as the phlegmatic...this observation is no doubt equally applicable to the *moral* as the *physical* temperament of man. Plutarch says, that a fair argument may be drawn from a man's dream, as to his temper, and general disposition. So another ancient writer is of opinion, that a wise and virtuous man will be alike himself, even in his sleep. Of the general correctness of this observation there can be little doubt.

Our dreams frequently afford us a good moral lesson. By them we may learn to eschew many indiscretions, and to avoid the encroachments of evil habits.....The feelings excited in our dreams by the follies and crimes which we often fancy ourselves to have committed, leave their impressions, and serve to guard us against the *actual* commission of those actions, which, in our *sleep*, gave us so much uneasiness.

Lothario possessed, in an eminent degree, every amiable virtue, which solicits attention, engages the esteem and conciliates the affections of the world.

Fortune smiled propitious on his birth, and crowned his sober years. Possessed of an ample patrimony, at an early age, his bliss was consummated by receiving the hand and affections of the loviest, the best of women. Lothario and Amelia were the pride of the village in which they lived:

> ——————"A matchless pair
> With equal virtue form'd and equal grace,
> The same distinguished by their sex alone;
> *Hers* the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
> And *his* the radiance of the risen day."

A few years glided on in the most extatic bliss, every succeeding morn affording some new source of happiness. Possessed of every advantage which health, youth, and fortune can bestow, there was not a poor villager but acknowledged their bounty, none but loved them with the most sincere affection. Two beauteous boys, the offspring of their tender loves, crowned their happiness, and joy and contentment beamed from all around them. Such was the happiness of congenial souls united; till a fatal hour brought Lothario into the company of a class of people known as *gentlemen* gamesters, whose sole employment, under the mask of friendship, was the undermining each others happiness, destroying domestic felicity, and entailing penury and want on an amiable wife and lovely offspring. It was Lothario's evil genius, (who before had never known him) that conducted him to the clutches of these merciless sons of dissipation, who, by flattery and unwearied attention, made him at length, tolerate that, which, at first, he looked upon with horrour, and seduously avoided. In civility to those friendly town gentleman, he weakly imagined he must entertain them at his own house, and this consequently opened the door to a more intimate acquaintance. After many mutual civilities of this kind, who can believe! Lothario became as professed a gamester as any of his companions. His tender and affectionate Amelia, who soon perceived the change in her husband, and fervently deprecated the storm that was brooding over them, used every means which love and reason could suggest, to win him from this unhappy destructive attachment. But all in vain. His property was sacrificing, his health impaired, and the heart and the constitution of the lovely Amelia was so lacerated with grief, that death appeared her inevitable doom. Lothario, as usual, after his wonted dissipation, returned to his wife at the dead of night, threw himself on the bed, and soon fell asleep. The pangs of an accusing conscience haunted him even there. Propitious hour! his wretched mind led him to the miserable cells of "man deprived of reason." Commiserating the unhappy situation of many whom he saw, he was led from cell to cell, till a lovely female victim of despair, arrested his attention. At the first sight of Lothario, she precipitately turned away, and reclined her sickened limbs on a miserable bed of straw.....Curiosity be-

ing awakened, Lothario entered her cell; the lovely female hid her head, and refused reply to any of his interrogations....Turning round to the keeper, with a heart throbbing with anxious sensibility, he enquired of the cause of her deplorable situation. "The villainy of a husband," replied the keeper, "lost to every sentiment of virtue and of love, reduced himself and family from affluence to penury, from bliss to misery; beggared his children, and this virtuous, loveliest of females, drove to madness and desperation." At this instant the unfortunate female raised her head; great God! what were the feelings, what were the agonies of Lothario, when he recognized his adored, his injured Amelia. All description is baffled; he awoke from his dream; and in the extacy of joy and renovated love, embraced his wife: rejoiced to find it but a dream, he communicated to her his wretched feelings, and most solemnly abjured his former practices. This he has done. The brightest beams of happiness again play around them; his affectionate Amelia is restored to perfect health, and the shattered remains of fortune give them that competency which secures unmixed and lasting happiness.

EUGENIO.

MISCELLANY.

For the Observer.

Greece, and especially Troy, being as it were the common country of all lovers of literature, or those endued with any degree of richness of fancy, and vivacity of imagination, nothing which belongs to the history of these poetic regions, can be indifferent to persons of taste. We hope, therefore, to give pleasure to many of our readers, in making a short extract from a memorial sent to the *institute of France* by Mr Fauvel, a learned and industrious traveller. He searched himself in several *tumuli* of the greatest antiquity in Greece; and although he has rendered all possible justice, to the learned and curious, who have preceded him in this interesting pursuit; some new ideas with regard to the funeral ceremonies of the heroic ages, have been the result of his labours, and merit being known.

Before, however, we proceed to translate the article, we will just observe, for the information of such of our readers, as may not be familiarized with the terms of antiquarians, that by *tumulus* is literally meant an eminence of earth, covering a tomb, which perfectly accords with those monuments, which time and nature present now, at the first view, only as little hillocks.

"On the road from Piræus to Athens, half a mile from this city, is seen between two long walls, a *tumulus* which, from a passage in Pausanius, appears to have been that of the Amazon Antiope, wife of Theseus, and mother of the unfortunate Hyppolita. According to some authors, Antiope died by the hand of Molpadia, in the famous combat, which Theseus gave

to the Amazons, when they came to claim their queen. The conqueror caused the tomb, of which M. Fauvel speaks, to be erected in honour of his wife. This conjecture is at least founded on a tradition of the country. The place in which the *tumulus* is found, is called by the cultivators of the neighbouring vineyards, *basiliki*, which in the vulgar Greek tongue signifies *royal*.

This *tumulus* is of the same form, with those on the borders of Troy; it still further resembles them, by the similarity of the various objects which they contain. Mr. Fauvel observed broken earthen ware, bones, and fragments of bronze, &c. Its elevation is 33 feet, 7 inches English; on it the author of this memoir, found the remains of a funeral pile, in the state in which it had been extinguished.

The diameter of the pile, was about 13 feet. Mr. Fauvel having completely examined it, discovered on it, a layer of very large coals, of olive wood, bones half burned, or entirely reduced to ashes, and mixed with a quantity of fragments of vases, dishes, and amphoræ, etc.

The dishes were of this antique earth, and overlayed with the same black varnish which is seen on etruscan vases. They are not ornamented with any kind of painting; but they have in their centre and inside, the marks of that ornament, known and used every where under the name of palm leaves...in the midst of the remains of this pile, were two species of plateaux, or cylindrical, and flattened masses, which appeared to have been formed of earth, prepared upon the pile itself; of this M. Fauvel was convinced by the marks which the piles have left.... The plateaux are coloured with azure blue on the inside; their diameter is about three decimetres.* To judge by the form of the holes, with which they are pierced, one would be tempted to think that arrows or little javelins had been struck into them.

Amongst the coals, were ox-horns half consumed, bones of lamb or goat, of fowl, fish bones, and many other remnants, of a funeral feast and sacrifice; besides these, there were plateaux with feet, fit for supporting a bowl. There were also layers of brass very thin, and something like leaves of laurel. It is probable that they had been gilt, as well as some beads of baked earth, of 6 inches in diameter, which appeared to have decorated the victims. There were, too, leaves of tolerably fine gold, as well beaten as ours, and portions of gilding, perfectly burnished, and fixed over a layer of glue.

At the edge, and around the pile, were vases of coarse earth, like our flower pots. These vases were reversed, and stood upon their orifice. They were the only ones found whole. The inside of the *tumulus*, which M. Fauvel opened at the top, by making a sort of well into it, contained some fragments of

* 11 inches English.

pretty painted vases, on one of which they had represented a young woman with a casket on her head. Other fragments of considerable diameter were ornamented with leaves of laurel or olive.

The expedition of the Amazons, goes as far back, as thirty years before the siege of Troy. It would be difficult to find a tomb of more ancient date than that of Antiope. Homer and the other poets of antiquity, have left us very precious details, relative to the mournful ceremonies, which the most ancient people practiced on the tombs of the heroes of their days. These details agree perfectly well with the description communicated by Mr. Fauvel.

Greece, in which he passed eighteen years, offered him a great number of other *tumuli* of more or less ancient date. He searched several, which contained much the same objects. The more modern, have in them, besides, Sarcophagi, in stone, marble, or cut in the rock; lacrymatories, vases of different forms." &c. &c.

The author of this memoir projected continuing his researches in the plain of Marathon, forever celebrated in the annals of patriotism and valour; but we are ignorant whether or not he executed his plan, and what were its results.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADELAIDE;
OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Translated from Le Poète, ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres.

[Continued from p. 344.]

At the moment of a separation that could not but be painful, we determined on a correspondence, and on the manner of conducting it without danger. In this there was no difficulty; but what was to me most dreadful was the necessity, of totally renouncing the celestial pleasures of her society, without which after having tasted their ineffable sweets, I felt it impossible to exist and be happy. In all my letters I recalled to the mind of my lovely Adelaide that she was my spouse, my legitimate wife, and claimed with ardency, the rights of a husband. She would reply, ingenuously that my desire, was sincerely reciprocated; that the means alone were wanting to aid the will; and she would exhort me to patience, by representing how necessary it was to herself. This adroit and delicate resistance would calm me for the moment; but my importunities were soon renewed, and so forcibly pressed, that Adelaide to whom I had seriously recommended the perusal of that *very moral* work, La Nouvelle Heloise, which at that time enflamed the whole world, determined at last to prove the truth of what *Julia* had done for *Saint-Preux* in risking it herself for me.

Here it is that the description of her apartment will naturally find its place. On one side of her father's warehouse was a large and clear ally, which led directly to an elegant staircase, every step of which up to the lobby was of fine stone. Let it be remembered that there is not one of these details, however minute in appearance, which has not its consequence, and of which I cannot, for good reason, leave the reader ignorant: we are engaged in an adventure much out of the common class, in the relation of which I wish not to leave any thing imperfect, nor, in the perusal, any thing to desire.

The lobby presented three doors. The first, at the left, upon the last step of the stairs, was that of Monsieur R****. His bureaux occupied an apartment, which opened on the court, and his other chamber, separated from the first by a glass door, overlooked a beautiful little garden belonging to the house. The floor under this cabinet was distributed in kitchen, larder, and other corresponding offices.

On the right of the lobby, facing that of Monsieur R****'s cabinet, was the door of Adelaide's apartment, which, in extent, corresponding with the whole of the warehouse below, was consequently very large. Its distribution was truly charming. From a magnificent antichamber, which might well serve as a dining room, we passed to the saloon of the harpsichord and sopha. The furniture was the best chosen possible. Taste and opulence were here, as it were, wedded, and formed the most happy union. The saloon conducted to the bedchamber, arranged as befitted the virginal sanctuary of a loved and adored daughter. It respired only the balm of innocence and candour. The mild influence of day was admitted into it from the court, upon which it looked. On each side of the alcove was a small cabinet, one for the toilette, and one for the bath; through the first was a passage to the apartment of the good Geneviève, who, by her vicinity, was ready to render any service necessary to her dear child; and could pass into the other parts of the house without disturbing her, by means of another door, the third that opened on the lobby.

The reader must, by this time, I imagine, be as well acquainted with Adelaide's habitation as I was myself. My domicil in Rue Francaise, a knowledge of which is also necessary, was briefly thus. It was also on a lobby, but much lower, the apartments on which, were occupied by my father, and by me. Those devoted to my use, consisted of three elegant little rooms. The lower story had been formerly used as stables, though now as offices for my father's clerks, and other people engaged in his business. Before the windows of the latter, reaching up almost to mine, and descending to the ground were, perpendicular bars of iron, crossed at equal distances by horizontal bars, forming a kind of ladder, by which it was perfectly to easy descend from my chamber into the street, and remount again at pleasure. I was

but too well disposed to avail myself of this dangerous accommodation.

Now, then, that we are thus well instructed in the disposition of the two places, let us march forward to the event, which was accelerated by an unexpected circumstance, although one that need not be wondered at, after the duo of *La petite Fête-Dieu*.

A heart-piercing letter from Adelaide, apprized me, about fifteen days of this fête, that it was no longer doubtful that the greatest of all misfortunes had arrived : that an irremediable accident was about to draw upon her all that is most terrible in maternal resentment and anger : that there was now no hope but in me ; and if I did not discover prompt and effectual means of parrying the dreadful stroke which menaced, she must at once renounce an existence of which shame and infamy would hereafter render the burthen insupportable. In short, all that the most frightful delirium of grief could dictate or imagine was contained in this desolating epistle, which concluded with these words, traced by the very pencil of despair ..." Remember, that before I am a mother I must be a wife, or I die ; there is for me nothing intermediate."

In the midst of the disorder produced by this fatal letter, an idea worthy of the distraction which it occasioned, came into my mind, and I immediately wrote...

" Thou hast not, O my friend ! any choice left ! Terrible, " but imperious, necessity condemns us to one violent, but de- " cisive alternative ! Thou must confide in thy good nurse ! " Thou knowest her extreme tenderness for thee. Thou know- " est that she would undertake even impossibilities to ward from " thee the dangers, equally numerous and alarming, with which " thou art environed. Thy confidence is, therefore, indispensable."

" Geneviéve alone can furnish thee with the means of con- "cealing forever what has occurred from the penetrating eyes of " a mother ; who, accustomed to descend even to the most minute " particulars of what concerns thee, will not fail in discovering " the dreadful secret. Alas ! my friend, where then would be " the shield sufficiently strong to protect thee from the effects " of an indignant vengeance, which she would deem but too jus- "tifiable ! I tremble at the thought. The indefatigable, the com- " passionate Geneviève, and she only, can deceive thy mother.

" But this is not enough. Thy good governante must go still " further. She must procure us the means to see and concert " with each other. Our secret is not of that nature which can " be entrusted to a correspondence, that cannot admit of any " developements, from the dread of discovery. We must, " then, absolutely have an interview. Yesterday it was solici- "ted by love ; to-day it is ordained by reason. Reflect that "our future happiness, thy honour, all that ought to be most " dear to us, depends upon it ; and that there is not a moment

" to be lost. We can only meet in the night. I know how " alarming this word is, at the first glance. But there is no op- " tion. At any other time a surprize might, perhaps...I say " no more...Thou understandest me...Adieu !...If thou lovest do " not let me wait for thy answer."

I was myself the bearer of this letter ! and, delivering it, retired precipitately, merely saying..." till to-morrow." The next day I went for the answer ; behold what I received.

" Thy counsel was terrible, but it has been followed...My " good nurse knows all...Oh ! my friend, all our blood could " not, all our lives will not be sufficient to recompence the ser- " vice which this generous and compassionate protectress has " rendered, and is prepared to render to us.

" The whole night was passed in a conversation with her, alter- " nately mortifying, humiliating, remorseful, and consolatory... " What a heart is that in which thy advice has taught me to seek an " asylum ! It is the only one, my friend, the only one in the world " in which it could have been found !...My second mother (for " with what less affectionate appellation can I apply to her, if I " listen to her kindness and my gratitude?) has solemnly pro- " mised to serve me faithfully in all that may depend upon her. " She has sworn to die rather than a hair of my head should pe- " rish...such was her energetic expression. To overwhelm me " with her goodness, she promises to wait for thee at midnight. " She will, herself, at that hour precisely to-night, be at the " street door to receive thee...Do not, I conjure thee, disappoint " her...Thou needest not touch the knocker...Cough softly " three times...the door will open ;...our tutelary angel will " conduct thee by her chamber to mine. Be grateful, the good " Geneviève loves thee almost as much as I ; aud persists in as- " serting that we were created only for each other...Alas ! my " friend, she but speaks the language of my heart ; and surely " utters the real sentiments of thine !...Would to God it may so " prove ! O thou whom I love, whom I shall forever love, to " what extremity are we reduced !...what will become of us ? " This night we shall consult on the best method to promote " an union now become indispensable...I expect thee with all " the impatience of bridal affection...O let us, let us be united " ...become in truth that portion of myself, which my heart " has long considered thee !...It must be so...We have no other " wish to form ; we have no other destiny to hope !—To live " or to die together !...Henceforth behold our motto and our " fate !"

" P. S. I think it unnecessary to recommend to thee to be punc- " tual. My nurse wishes a disguise. The habits of my sex are " most convenient. Thy face does not yet bear the distinctive " sign of thine own. Reflect, and do that which may to thee " appear best...'till midnight !" *(To be Continued.)*

FOR THE OBSERVER.

.....

COL. BURR.

Extract of a letter from Richmond, 25th of May 1807.

...The curiosity which led me, like so many others, to Richmond, for the purpose of seeing Col. Burr, has already been amply gratified. He appears, in his present critical circumstances, such as he might be in his most prosperous days. The ease and affability of his manners seem to be in no way affected by his singular and unpleasant situation. He troubles himself very little, I am told, about those whom he considers his enemies, and whom he accuses of the most surprizing intrigues. It is impossible yet to foresee, what will be the result of this affair, the most interesting, the most extraordinary, and most intricate, which has yet agitated our bar and our government, since we assumed a rank amongst nations.

Mr. Burr seems to have both violent antagonists and warm partizans, who each present facts in so opposite a light, that in truth, all opinion is bewildered in the mazes they create. The impartial, however, are most anxious, that public authority should not swerve from the principles of steady moderation ; since an instance of innovation, or a single blow levelled against the protecting forms of justice, even from the purest motives, would be a step which would open to the factious and tyrannical a path to the establishment of an arbitrary system, and a means of trampling with impunity on the rights of their fellow-citizens.

It was thus that the Decemvirs, continuing themselves in the exercise of temporary functions under the pretence of promoting public good, made their. country groan, under their audacious usurpations : thus the dictatorship, instituted for the preservation of liberty, engendered the long and horrible despotisms of Tiberius and Caligula, of Nero and Heliogabalus. All friends of liberty must therefore invariably be of opinion, that according to the spirit of our laws, it is better that a thousand guilty persons should escape punishment, than that one who is innocent should suffer. It is true that under despotic governments, and amongst nations whose levity and imprudence suffers them to neglect their individual rights and safeties, the opposite maxim is both professed and practised ; but our magistrates have not yet attained this degree of maturity in machiavelism ! our countrymen have not yet reached this degree of indifference and corruption, for the one thus to trangress the limits of their power, and the others to be so unmindful of the duties they owe both to themselves and their country as to submit to it.

General Wilkinson is expected ; however, many wagers are laid, that he will not risk such a confrontation, unless compelled by the accused.

General Eaton is already here. On a visit which he made

to this place last year, he was greatly caressed; but at present the scene appears to be quite altered!

Amidst all this confusion, the true patriot cannot but lament the exasperated state of the public mind.....Because it is impossible to be wise and just, where prejudice and prepossession stir up the angry passions. Some, warmly applaud the prudence and forbearance of government; others on the contrary assert, that it has authorised the greatest abuse of power, and that it has exercised arbitrary acts, worthy of a Russian or Prussian government; worthy, in short, of the most absolute military despotism.

For my part I can see so little into this labyrinth of chicanery, that I must suspend my judgment, until a legal statement of facts, shall have thrown some light, on this important trial.

I am extremely desirous of protracting my stay here, to watch the progress and minutest details of the event, that I may form my own opinion with regard to it; what is already known, is sufficiently extraordinary, to render me doubtful of all other testimony, but that of my own senses, on a point, in which the passions evidently act so large a part.

POLITICAL.

Crimination of all the Powers of Europe.

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

There is not an order of persons, not even to the female sex, which has not furnished examples, worthy of being recorded here.

That abominable Theroigne de Mericourt, who entered the King's apartment the 20th of June, 1792, and who, like a fury, just escaped from the infernal regions, excited the abject sansculottes, to force a *bonnet rouge* on those august brows, which, until then, had been encircled with a diadem; she, who the 10th of August following, presided at the massacre of the Swiss guards, and who that day, herself, clove in two, with the stroke of a sabre, the skull of a brave fellow, called Suleau, who was unarmed, and who was as remarkable for his talents as his tragical end. This tygress, since become mad, is now shut up in the hospital of the Salpetriere, at Paris, with the refuse of the female sex.

Madame Rolland, wife of the minister of that name, who has been previously spoken of, and who was in reality more minister than her husband, may with justice be charged with all the responsibility of his operations; she was condemned to the guillotine by Roberspiere.

Olympia de Gouges, who covered the walls of Paris with her dull philosophical homilies, on the reformation of former abuses, perished like Madame Rolland.

Madame de Villette, niece of Voltaire, whose husband had been one of the most furious advocates, of what they called *liberty* and *equality*, perished by the hand of the executioner; all-cherished niece as she was of the *God of Philosophers*, and the most active enemy of all which *regenerated* Frenchmen, called old fashioned prejudices.

The wife of Momoro, the bookseller, was guillotined. She had acted the part of *Goddess of Reason*, at a national fete, and had received at it, the *adorations* of the whole convention.

At a distance, see the calamities of St. Domingo. Santonax, who excited them, at present covered with opprobrium, languishes in France, under the weight of what is called a *surveillance*.[1] A French army arrived in this colony, to reduce these wretched negroes by the sword, whom France had herself commanded to massacre their masters; this army came to plunder the whole inhabitants indiscriminately, white as well as coloured; the generals Le Clerc, brother-in-law to the first consul; Hardi, who had led the French into Ireland, for the purpose of revolutionizing the Irish; Le Bel and Watrin, with 30,000 of their men, fell immediate victims to the epidemic. Rochambeau survived, but it was to vegetate a prisoner of war in England, until it is possible to bring him to trial, by his being found on French territory.

Toussaint l'Ouverture, generallissimo of the blacks, reigned for a moment; very soon he was deceived; shut up in the castle of Joux, in Franche Comtè, where poison terminated his career.

Dessalines succeeded him, but paid with his life, the ridiculous dream of his obscure monarchy. At length, the negroes and mulattoes, divided under the colours of Christophe and Petion, destroy one another daily, to dispute the ashes of the habitations which they had drenched with the blood of their proprietors.

In an enumeration of this nature, considered under all the consequences I would deduce from it, it is impossible to omit a fact of a singular nature, but which is sufficiently remarkable to demand a place amongst the preceding circumstances. It is that of the end of the *cardinal archbishop of Milan*, of which I would speak.

When Buonaparte convoked the famous assembly at Lyons, which he entitled the *Consulta Italienne*, who *supplicated* him to accept the government of Italy, and humbly and *literally* declared, that there was no one in all Italy capable of ruling them; this old cardinal, whose suffrage, exertions, and influence had been purchased, came to Lyons to take the presidency of this assembly of automatons; but at the moment he mounted the chair, basely to seat himself beside Portalis, the plenipotentiary of Buonaparte, at the moment in which he gave the people the scandalous example of defection, and infidelity towards le-

gitimate sovereigns, and of contempt for public opinion, *he was struck with death on the spot,* in the midst of the whole assembly. That Portalis and the Moniteur should have attributed this to accidental apoplexy is perfectly natural; but those to whom the name of *fanatic* is given by the *nouveau regime* of France, believed they might justly class this catastrophe amongst those, which in the chaos of the revolution had more than once consoled innocence by evident proofs of the care which providence now and then takes, to remind man, that his eye is not always shut, to the outrages committed against truth and justice; and that, of this, attention only is necessary to be convinced.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

1 The state of *Surveillance* in France, is, being immediately under the arbitrary jurisdiction of the police, which points out a town to the suspected person, in which he must reside, and which he may not leave. It compels him to sign his name several times a week in a register which certifies his presence. Many thousands of the French are in this situation.

For the Observer.

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MR. NENINNGER'S CONCERT.

We announce with pleasure to those who participate in our wishes for the honour of the taste of our country, that the opposition and delay which Mr. Neninnger has met with to his concert has had a happy effect in advancing his interests; and the little intrigues which retarded it, have given occasion to some articles in the papers, which have piqued the curiosity of some, and the self love of others. A great number of tickets have been disposed of, and we flatter ourselves that this excellent musician will receive in some measure, the tribute due to his talents. The concert is fixed for the 11th of the month, when Mr. Neninnger, and a number of amateurs, will delight the scientific ear, with a variety of both *vocal* and instrumental music.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

6th of June, 1654—Christiana, Queen of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, abdicated her crown in favour of her cousin Gustavus Adolphus, son to the duke of Deux Ponts. She was celebrated for her genius, which took an uncommon and romantic turn! she received a noble education, and was an excellent judge of the polite arts. She invited learned men to her court, amongst whom she distinguished Grotius and Descartes.

Her father's chancellor count Oxerstiern, who was as consum-

mate a politician as he was a warrior, managed the affairs of Sweden during her minority with so much success, that she in a manner dictated the peace of Westphalia in 1648, which threw the affairs of Europe into a new system.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have just received a letter on the subject of Cardinal Fesch. It is signed, the *Friend of Virtue.* This friend of virtue reproaches us, in substance, and in bad enough English, be it said, en passant, " with having published without hesitation what has been addressed to us, against this worthy prelate, whilst, some months ago, we refused inserting his *vindication.*"

We will in the first place observe to *this friend of virtue,* that in not having given the vindication of the cardinal to the public at that time, we avoided kindling newspaper disputes on the subject, which from several articles that appeared in the papers against this personage seemed to us inevitable ; and hence his friends should rather be obliged to us for our reserve, than to have so angrily reproached us for it after so long a time had elapsed.

We will add, that as these reproaches can have no possible foundation, but in the 2d. note of No. 19 of the Observer (since it is the only time in which the name of M. Fesch has been mentioned) and this note simply stating, that " citizen Fesch, since cardinal, arch-chancellor of the holy empire, was an agent of the French republic at Rome, when Pius the VI. was carried away prisoner," it does not appear to us that there was any occasion for addressing us so extraordinary and bitter an *epistle* as that with which we have been honoured.

The circumstance is found attached to an article, to which it seems to us naturally to belong, and it is mentioned without any comment whatever. Do any contend that it is *false ?* we are ready to publish their reclamations ; it will belong to the author of the note to defend it if he can. We repeat that our paper *is open, like our country, to all opinions.* As for ourselves, on these points, we can only listen to those Europeans, who have had an opportunity of seeing the characters and the events of the revolution, and moreover, on all political questions, we decide only on the fitness or otherwise of the style in which communications are written, and whether, in this respect, they are such as may be received into our pages.

After this confession of faith, the friends of virtue, will, we hope, henceforth, do more justice to our impartiality : for we think, that such a declaration could not fail to procure us *indulgences even from Monsieur Fesch himself, should he ever become Pope.*

Eugenio is so charmingly awake on dreaming, that Mrs. Ironside cannot too earnestly and sincerely entreat him to favour her with early and frequent communications—his essay is

both "*instructive and amusing*, and whenever he wields the pen," he may be assured that the effusions of his taste and learning, will find ready and welcome admittance to the pages of the Observer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Sweet willow! green willow! thy shade I admire.
And thou too, sweet streamlet! that murmurs close by;
'Twas *here*, to Eliza, I first tun'd the lyre,
'Twas *there*, I first caught the bright glance of her eye:—

'Twas ev'ning, and sweet was the dream of my soul,
As, straying, I sought the recess in the grove!
While fancy tripp'd near me, nor suffered controul,
As fondly she whisper'd the raptures of love.

Then first on thy green bank, lov'd stream, did I see,
A form such as envy herself must adore;
And thought, were such sweetness but destin'd to me,
From all heaven's blessings, I'd ask for no more.

Nor did I, when as my fond tale she believ'd,
And told me, with blushes her love I had won:
Her eyes caught the rapture my heart had receiv'd,
And plainly declar'd all her lips would have done.

Since then, sweetest willow! how oft by thy shade,
In the noon of the day have we calmly repos'd!
How oft on thy margin, at eve, have we stray'd,
O streamlet! sole witness what love there disclos'd!

Dear moments of transports! where now are ye flown?
Ah! why does Eliza no longer appear?—
Thy leaves, conscious willow! now shade *me* alone.
Thy murmurs, lov'd stream! fall alone on *my* ear!

All pensive I wander and sigh through each scene,
Where lately all nature look'd lovely and gay;
But chang'd is each spot where Eliza has been,
And beauty is fled, like the maiden away!

Yet willow! green willow! thy shade I admire,
And thou too, sweet streamlet! that murmurs close by—
'Twas *here*, to Eliza I first tun'd the lyre,
'Twas *there* I first caught the bright glance of her eye!

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

ERRATA.

No. 21, page 331, line 29, for 'le planche,' read la planche. Page 332, line 28, for 'Arenea,' read Arena. For 'Cerachi' read Ceracchi.

No. 22. page 348, line 17, for '*civic*,' read *olympic* crown. Page 349, line 34, for '1340,' read 1430, as the phrase requires. For '*not yet*,' read not then.